Volume IV Chicago, Ill., May, 1927 Number 2

The Liberal

"Were I so tall as to reach the poles,
Or grasp the ocean in my span
I must be measured by my soul
The mind, the standard of the man."

Dr. Watts.

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THE PEOPLES CHURCH, UPTOWN TEMPLE

THE LIBERAL

Preston Bradley ..... Editor
Grace Thayer Bradley ..... Associate Editor

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My Mother's Hands

My mother's hands are cool and fair,
They can do anything.
Delicate mercies hid them there
Like flowers in the spring.

When I was small and could not sleep,
She used to come to me,
And with my cheek upon her hand
How sure my rest would be.

For everything she ever touched
Of beautiful or fine,
Their memories living in her hands
Would warm that sleep of mine.

Her hands remember how they played
One time in meadow streams,—
And all the flickering song and shade
Of water took my dreams.

Swift through her haunted fingers pass
Memories of garden things:—
I dipped my face in flowers and grass
And sound of hidden wings.

One time she touched the cloud that kissed
Brown pastures bleak and far;—
I leaned my cheek into a mist
And thought I was a star.

All this was very long ago
And I am grown; but yet
The hand that lured my slumber so
I never can forget.

For still when drowsiness comes on,
It seems so soft and cool,
Shaped happily beneath my cheek,
Hollow and beautiful.

—Anna Hempstead Branch,
in "The Shoes That Danced."

"YE EDITORS GO A TOURING"

(Continued from April Number)

Our Situate hosts had allowed us to sleep rather late and the sunshine of a brilliant day was streaming in our windows when we awakened after a most refreshing night's sleep. We found this old home so attractive, filled as it was with rare antiques, and the yard, considerable over an acre, surrounding it, so very beautiful, cool and inviting with its trees, shrubbery, garden seats, lawns and flowers, that we were loath to hurry away; so it was not until after a jolly little luncheon later on the side porch that we bade good-bye to our kind hosts and were again on the road toward Boston.

The day was very warm and the drive not so pleasant. As we were passing through Quincy we decided to visit the "First Parish Church"—known as the "Church of The Presidents." It is a fine old stone edifice with vines creeping over it. The massive doors were locked, but a plate told where the sexton resided (near by) and in a few minutes Dr. Bradley found him and we were admitted to the church. After viewing the auditorium with its beautiful arched ceiling, the high rosewood pulpit, the pew of John Quincy Adams, and the various memorial tablets, the sexton acting as a guide took us to the crypt down narrow, dark, winding stone stairs, as we reached the bottom the atmosphere was chilling, after the heat of the out-of-doors it seemed like a cold breeze. There was not a sound excepting our footsteps on the cement floor. Brilliant white light from the open doorway of a room just ahead dispelled the darkness, in the coolness there was a scent of flowers; on either side the entrance to the room from whence shown the light were tall staffs bearing handsome silk American flags. It was marvelously effective, that room of dazzling brightness, when we stepped into it, we almost gasped as we beheld the sarcophagus of the Presidents John Adams and John Quincy Adams, and their wives; on each lay great wreaths of pink roses and lilies with pink and lavendar ribbons trailing to the floor, all exquisitely fresh! The sexton said that they had been placed there the day before by a delegation of the D. A. R. The presence of fresh flowers had the effect of linking with the present these illustrious dead whom they honored; we could not feel they had lived and played their part in our history and died in the long ago. When we came out into the corridor the sexton turned on a light that we might see the oddly fashioned, seemingly small hearse (minus wheels) that had carried the casket of John Quincy Adams in his funeral cortege, now kept from dust and vandals in a glass case. We felt quite solemn as we left this church wherein we had paid our respect to all that is mortal of these two Presidents of the United States.

Driving directly thru Boston without stopping we were soon enjoying the fine stretch of state highway and ocean boulevard which borders Massachusetts Bay. Passing thru Lynn and quaint, beautiful Salem, where we longed to linger under the spell of its history and romance, but we were pressed for time and went on thru Beverly Farms, Manchester-by-the-Sea, and that most beautiful section of all known as Magnolia. Such magnificent e s t a t e s, wonderful homes, enchanting gardens, woodlands, and grand old trees bordering the drive made every foot of the way a panorama of beauty it would be hard to surpass. The sun had set when we drove into

the old town of Gloucester. The streets and hotel verandas were quite filled with people obviously enjoying the scenic loveliness of that hour following sunset. Many poets have sung her praises; many writers have depicted her life,—artists have put much of her beauty on canvass,—yet who with pen or brush could really grasp the charm of Old Cape Ann!

Securing rooms at the Rockaway Hotel overlooking the sea, and finding the dinner hour over, we hurried to a little cafe on the beach where we were glad to be the only late diners, and seated ourselves at a table before large windows commanding a view of the harbor. What words can describe the scene which held us enchanted? The air seemed filled with rain-bows — gossamer-like, elusive—all the colorful sky blending with an opal sea! I have never before seen such color! The harbor quite crowded with all manner of small craft, fishing boats touching elbows with costly yachts—their masts rising like bare trees, outlined against the splendor of the sky, and casting grotesque reflections in the prismatic water; one more important looking fellow—less picturesque, but nevertheless adding to the scene, a great dull grey man-o'-war, lay at anchor farther out in the bay, a number of its sailors on leave coming ashore in a trim little launch were singing merrily as they threaded their way thru the labyrinth of boats. When we were leaving the next morning we saw Gloucester in a different garb of beauty than the sunset and twilight of the evening. Brilliant sunshine, roses tumbling all about in masses of color contrasting with somber rocks;—deep blue sky and sea, complementing the yellow sand dunes—reason a plenty for the strong impress made on artists, that they come in great numbers to this old fishing town on the Cape.

We left Gloucester at eight thirty greatly enjoying the drive to Portsmouth and arriving there about ten thirty. We went immediately to the wharf where we found the little steamer "Sightseer" making ready for her daily trip to Star Island. Here we placed our car in a garage to remain two weeks, and with no little thrill of excitement and anticipation we boarded the "Sightseer" to make the last nine miles of our trip out in the Atlantic, off the coast of New Hampshire, to our particular destination, Star Island! Standing on the upper deck we might fittingly have sung the lines of Robert Loveman:

"The sun, and the sea, and the wind,
The wave, and the wind, and the sky,
We are off to a magical Ind,
My heart, and my soul, and I."

In a short time we could see the Isles of Shoals discernable in the distance, appearing like a chain of rocks in a sapphire sea, the wildest imagination could not picture them inhabitable islands: as the distance lessened they seemed to separate into eight islands — (Appledore, Smuttynose, Cedar, Malaga, White, Loudouers, Duck and Star) and at closer range, as we drew near, the same thought holds true — the wildest imagination could not picture them inhabitable islands! Nothing could be more barren, a mere pile of granite rocks, sunbleached and swept by every wind that blows, with patches of vegetation breaking here and there the rugged outlines. As we landed my heart sank with the thought of staying on this bare lonely island without even a tree where birds might sing from their nests—birds?—what would birds come to this desolate place for? I tried to look cheerful,—I believe I smiled and said "No doubt it would grow interesting." A crowd of folks on the dock were cheering for Dr. Bradley (for he had lectured there the year before) and as we came off the gang plank many hands were reaching to grasp his, and then mine and the boys even tho' we

were strangers to them, and all at once I had a homey feeling, as one greeted by friends.

We had only time to deposit our bags and wraps in "Cottage D" and go to the dining room for dinner which is served at one o'clock promptly. We were assigned to a table presided over by the Chairman of the National Alliance Isles of Shoals Committee. How that wonderful little woman accomplishes all she does is a marvel! The Oceanic Hotel is a long, rambling, three storied gabled building, painted white. The veranda is extremely wide and capable of holding a multitude. I was so interested in the people that first day I could scarcely eat. Obviously they were mostly New Englanders with all the dignity and charm, graciousness and particular manner of speech that the people from that special group of states have inborn. My father was of New England but as he died when I was a child, I alas! having spent most of my life in Chicago have lost the charm, altho' the pride remains! So—I loved the people I saw in the dining room, all talking in such an interested, cheery, friendly way; every table was filled. (Probably between two hundred and three hundred persons.) But when we went to the veranda and again I beheld those barren lonely rocks I was filled with wonder at the many people gathered there, at their apparent contentment with their surroundings, everyone of them enthralled with the Shoals and Star Island in particular! What was wrong with me I demanded of my innermost heart, what blinded me to beauty that everyone else could see in this awful place? Knowing full well that I lacked in many ways but not in the love of nature, of that I was certain! Had I not a deep love for the water—sky — clouds — flowers — birds —trees—ah! that was it,— there were no friendly trees, but the people did not seem to miss them, why should I? Weighed down with disappointment I sat looking out my window during the rest hour that first afternoon, while my good husband read himself contentedly to sleep. Suddenly I became aware that my gaze was held by a beautiful picture. A small harbor formed by a breakwater built of rocks between Star Island and Smutty-Nose with Appledore lying just beyond makes a lovely little bay as placid as a small lake, a hundred or more great white sea-gulls swooping and soaring above this quiet water were reflected in its blue depths, a little more to the north the ocean was becoming more ruffled as I looked across the blue green waves to the hazy, indistinct shoreline of Maine and New Hampshire in the distance. Not realizing how much time had slipped by I was shocked to find it time to dress for dinner. I did not realize the "Spell of the Shoals" was working!

Grace Thayer Bradley.

(To be concluded in June number)

MOTHER'S DAY IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH

People began coming into the Church at nine o'clock. Some drove many miles to attend this service. Before eleven o'clock the auditorium was filled to its capacity, and almost without exception everyone wore a carnation "in her memory." Ten young ladies holding arms full of white and colored carnations in the lobby readily sold them. The pulpit was a veritable garden. The Memorial Flowers were given by

Mr. R. E. Eddy for his mother, Mrs. Dora Eddy.

Mrs. R. E. Eddy for her mother, Mrs. B. D. Wood.

Mrs. C. W. Denicke for her mother, Mrs. Emilie Metze.

Mrs. J. J. Reynolds for her mother, Mrs. Grace Thomas.

Mrs. E. L. Essley for her mother, Mrs. Mary J. Clarke.

Mrs. C. M. Hoff, for her mother, Mrs. Anna Nelson.

Dr. Preston Bradley for his mother, Mrs. Anna Elizabeth Bradley.

Mrs. Preston Bradley for her mother, Mrs. Myrtle Wilkins Thayer.

Mrs. Beulah Bradley Judson for her mother, Mrs. Anna Elizabeth Bradley.

Among the many letters received by Dr. Bradley following "Mother's Day" the following from a loyal and valued member, best describes this memorable day in The Peoples Church:

My dear Doctor Bradley:

Just a word about the services on Sunday—Mother's Day.

Never saw anything quite so beautiful and inspirational — the choir, the music, the palms, the flowers and you standing there like a great giant amidst it all, delivering that most masterful sermon. It was a great day for the church and its pastor. We may be in debt and want money but comparing what now is in our church history with what was a year ago, is an inspiration to every lover of progress in the religious world.

It was one of the high points in the achievements of the People's Church. And you have my congratulations for all the big and wonderful things which you have done and my best wishes for the bigger things which you are to accomplish in the future.

Sincerely yours,

MOTHER'S DAY PRAYER

By Dr. Bradley. (Taken Stenographically as it was delivered)

Heart of Love, we feel deeply in our innermost consciousness that the thought which has been and is upon our heart today is too great for utterance; we feel that the tribute we would like to pay to our Mother, to all Mothers of the world is a tribute of Silence. Words seem so helpless, so impotent, so empty. Our hearts are crowded with the memories of the years, faces that we have not seen for a long, long time, suddenly become clearly materialized in our vision; voices that have been stilled so long suddenly speak to us.

And our heart and love goes to all the Mothers of the World today, black Mothers, red Mothers, yellow Mothers, white Mothers, brown Mothers. The one universal language of the world is the cry of a baby, and that baby speaks a universal language, Mother love!

So this is Love Day, a day of Motherhood. And may Love be the theme, Love the ideal, Love the purpose, and Love the power that shall make heaven like earth and bring peace to mankind.

And now here and everywhere may unity of thought be wedded to a moment of Memory, while in Silence we meditate and re-dedicate our lives after her life—our Mother!

OUR MOTHERS

A Tribute to Motherhood

Today we have one of those themes that like so many of a similar nature of such a depth of significance overwhelm one.

I have been trying to think for weeks in anticipation of this service of some contribution which I could make to your hearts that would enhance for you a capacity to more definitely and beautifully express that which I know is in every heart in this service or listening to me on the air.

Mother's Day!

Mother's Day. And what is there in all this range of human experience with my limitations and my immaturity that I can find in this great moment of Love that shall help you as children or as mothers into the sublimated environment of that which is perfect in its Love. It is such a work-a-day world, isn't it? How busy we all are, under what great pressure are most of us expressing our lives! There are a few dream moments that come; there are a few hours of ecstacy in the week when the burden of the rush and the hurry of life seems lessened, but the most of us are deeply concerned about things—we are worried about our jobs, we are worried about money, we are worried about the rent, we are worried about the bills, we are worried about the boy, we are worried about the girl—most of us are pretty well occupied most of the time with this contemporary pressure of the thing that we call life, until sometimes this pressure has crowded out of our lives some of the things that we could ill afford to lose; and our souls have been impoverished to an incredible degree, until, instead of being buoyant and triumphant and musical hearts, we succumb and we become cold and pulseless; we have become efficient and strong as the world speaks of strength, we have become powerful as the world thinks of power. And soon we become so powerful and so strong and have so much money with its attendant worries and anxieties that it takes an almost incredible shock of Life to bring us to our senses and make us realize that every standard of value which the world has is in contradistinction to the standard of value which the world of the Spirit knows; that every single standard of success that this world calls success, in its last and bitter analysis turns out to be failure in the highest of the Spirit; that every single thing that we call power in this world, that is a part of the great physical, unquenching power is nothing in the world but the weakest sort of ephemeral strength when the great issues of Life come.

How well it is that we, thru the instrumentality of some kindly soul, have had given to our contemporary life a Mother's Day, where for a little while even those who have devoted most of their time to emphasizing those values in life which are apparently of no significance in the presence of the deeper and greater issues, even in that time the most of us pause long enough, even if it is no more than to wear a flower in her memory.

What a day today is for the purely materialist type of mind who says that he despises sentiment. Don't you feel sorry for the intellectually sophisticated today who have deluded their emotions to the extent that a tear to them is poison? Don't you feel sorry on a day like this for people who have spent their lives in selfishness, building, building, building over the worry and defeat and the failure of someone

else; riding on the wings of victory over the crushed bodies of the workers of the world? Don't you feel sorry on a day like this for those hearts that have deluded themselves into thinking that the only thing that matters in life is the grasping quality on a day like this? For Love,—love of wife, love of father, love of friend, love of children, love of Mother—stands in conspiracy against all these selfish natures. Love.

So today we honor our Mothers, your Mother and mine.

When I look out upon a great congregation like this and I see so many white carnations, just like a wave of white carnations, I see, and I think that you have the courage on a day like this not to be submerged by this avalanche that is so extant in America today of a materialistic and mechanistic nature that you are afraid of a little bit of sentiment. That is what a man wrote to me this week. He said "Dr. Bradley, I am not going to your Mother's Day service because it is nothing but a bundle of sentiment. I will come and hear you on Philosophy, I will come and hear you on Religion, but I am not coming to hear you talk about Mother." That letter told me a lot about that man. He is one of the brightest men that I know; he is one of the most intelligent men that I ever met, but his whole spiritual personality is being dwarfed and mis-shapen because he runs away from sentiment.

I would never trust a man anywhere on any matter who was ashamed of a tear that made its way down his cheek and that was shed because of the respect and the esteem and his sense of loss concerning his Mother. Don't you trust an individual that is without sentiment; don't you ever trust an individual that has lost the meaning of tears; don't you ever trust a heart that is flighty and is repeatedly changing its affections; don't you trust the heart that treads lightly upon sentiment.

It is perfectly astounding to me, as I attempt to study the range of human history to see the relationship which maintains in the field of sentiment in regard to the quality of civilization; that every period of human history when the mind of man has been most sharply attuned and the heart of man has been most sympathetically at work with the ideals of life have been the great moments of the normalcy of human lives; the one eternal verdict of human history is to be found in the motivation and orientation which has been brought to the character of man by the practice of true love. Leave it out of civilization and you beat back all sense of progress; leave it out of the human heart and you stop the sun from shining; leave it out from music and you have nothing but discord left; take it away from the art of the world and you have meaningless blotches of paint; leave it out of the literature of civilization and you rob all of the great processes and all great minds of their richest capacities; take out of human experience love, love, and you have made bare all that has any meaning in human life.

And at a time when man was emphasizing most the importance of the castle and the importance of the cathedral he was minimizing the importance of the home.

Those of you who are interested in this question from the standpoint of civilization would be interested in studying the history of the early Greeks and the contribution which Greece has made upon the history and philosophy of the world. And what do we find? We find that the mind of man could write an Iliad as Homer did, before man could conceive of a fireside; we find in that early period of Greek history when Greece was flowering in the culture of the world and when she was giving so much that had to do with the philosophy of civilization and of government and of life and of art, which was

the time of great communistic interest, Greece emphasized the importance of the theater, Greece emphasized the importance of temples, Greece emphasized the importance of the forum in the open part of the city; every student of Socrates knows that the school-house of ancient Greece was the open forum of the city. Now, if you could go to the Greek theater and the Greek temple and study the situation that prevailed there, and then go to the Greek fireside and at a time when the Greek was spending his thousand and his millions to adorn something of an unduly socialistic nature, he was impoverishing his own fireside; and at a time when the ancient temples of Greece were golden in their splendor, when their doors were made out of hammered white gold, when their walls were walls of jasper and their halls of white marble, at that time the ancient Greeks were living knee deep in mud when the wet season was on; he was sleeping on beds of straw, and the life of the family was very very inferior and undeveloped. He was devoting his entire time to the display of social interests, and it was at the time when he was most impregnable to the intrusion of the Roman hordes. This condition prevailed when—and two of those countries will never be forgotten, first, Phoenicia, because she gave the world letters, and Palestine, because she gave the world a religion. But when Rome reached out and seized the empire of Greece and superseded Greece in all of the social, we find that the same situation prevailed thru Roman culture, and it was an established fact in the history of civilization down to the close of the middle ages, when man thought more of his cathedral and the home of his priest than he did of his own fireside; religion was submerged in superstition and fear. Just when we come to the close of the middle ages we find man interpreting God in terms of Fatherhood, and the fireside was born. And in those ancient times when they had those palatial cathedrals, when the cathedral and the castle and the theater and the temple were everything in the life of man, man's own fireside rotted and decayed, and corruption and filth and vice prevailed and he gave very little attention to those things that were nearest and dearest to his heart.

All this affirms what? It affirms this sovereign truth: that civilization is no more secure and no more permanent than is the home life of the people!

I care not what you do with art; I care not what you do with your canvasses; I care not what you do with music; I care not what you do with cathedrals; I care not what you do with stained glass windows; I care not what you do with this and that, be it ever so essential in the culture and life of mankind. Isn't this the truth; doesn't this affirm itself in the observation of every student of life? I know it smatters of a bromide—and I despise bromides; I know it sounds like a platitude, but still I say to you, and I am only reiterating the observations of the best minds that civilization has ever produced, when I say to you that this country and this civilization, and every country in the world, stands only as firm as its homes stand firm. Only this week did I sit in the office of a man and talked of the time when George F. Baker gave ten thousand dollars to Harvard University, and the man to whom I talked was a friend of Mr. Baker, and a few hours after it was announced in the New York Times, at an interview with Mr. Baker, and Mr. Baker turned to this man and said—"Why, you have given ten thousand dollars for a school of commerce of Howard University?" And Mr. Baker said, "Yes." "Well," he said, "isn't that a tremendous thing?" "Oh, well," Mr. Baker said "I don't know whether it is or not. It only means about four or five less papers in the

vaults for the auditors to count."

And so when it comes to these matters of entering into the things that we feel are permanent in civilization, we find that they are not permanent at all. You let the heart of civilization rot morally and you will bankrupt every country in the world; you let the heart of man go to pieces and you let it rot with sin and vice, and you will bankrupt every country in the world.

Now, that is the verdict of civilization, and the real students of life, the real students of civilization know that that is true.

Consequently when I come to this great moment of Mother's Day, to me there is nothing as deeply significant in honoring our Mothers as an attempt to say something that is going to guarantee the security of the American home.

I touch life in all extremes. On one day this week I had two funerals and two weddings. I am burying people and marrying people all the time. At three o'clock this afternoon before this chancel another young couple will stand to be married. And almost every day of my life I am meeting life in some of the great moments. Yesterday I sat with an eighty-year old mother and the day before a seventy-six year old mother. The day before a father eighty-four, who lived with his wife over sixty years, and she was just taken away from him about a year ago. I stand before joyful parents and I sprinkle a little water or a few petals of flowers upon the baby and give it a name in the Christening service. I stand beside her then and I say something to help you in that time. I marry you, and all is happiness and joy. And because of that, don't I possess a little authority to speak in regard to this vital subject? Do you question the fact that I may be speaking from mere sentiment? Some of you may criticize my viewpoint, but I am touching life as some of you are not. I wish you could go with me for a week and see what happens between Sundays here. You see me in the pulpit on Sunday morning and you say "My, that looks easy. Apparently all Dr. Bradley has to do is to open his mouth and the 'Lord filleth.' " The Lord and I are not in such partnership. I make no claims whatever for the Lord filling my mouth. There is something else besides merely standing here Sunday after Sunday. If you could come with me during the week and let me touch life with you, then I will show you what prompts me to make some of the deductions I do. I refuse in this city more weddings than I take. To me the greatest problem of our contemporary life is the life of integrity in the American home, and the ideal of Motherhood is inseparably associated with the American home. You cannot divorce Mother from Home. Why, there is not any home without a Mother's heart and a Mother's love.

We laugh sometimes at Mr. Edgar Guest, particularly our intelligentsia and those of us who pride ourselves on knowing great literature. Edgar Guest says: It takes a lot of living in a house to make it a home. And there he spoke a great truth.

It takes a heap of living in a house to make a home; it takes a lot of finger prints on the furniture; it takes a lot of finger prints on the window-panes made when mother was not looking; it takes a lot of things to make a home.

Legally, under the law, a wedding license absolves me in the performance of any marriage, but I say to you that many of the troubles that are domestic today and end in the divorce courts of Cook County could be avoided if the ministers and priests would exercise a little more judgment in the performance of marriages. That is true, and you know it is true.

If you ever expect me to marry you, you have to fix it before you come to me, because that is my attitude. We are dealing with

the permanent sacredness of an institution that is going to save civilization, and I don't want my country to go to pieces. I don't want this country to go to pieces; I don't want this civilization to collapse. What a pity that the economic necessity is such that though the age of adolescence has not changed in the development of man the economic standards have. And today the marriage age is becoming continually advanced, and advancing for our young people because of economic conditions.

It seems to me that the real order of civilization and the real order of true economic interest would be that there ought to be an economic order whereby marriage could come logically nearer the age of adolescence. It was intended so in the laws of nature, and we today are violating those laws of nature because the time between economic independence and marriage and adolescence is getting wider and wider all the time, and many of the moral tragedies today on the part of the youth of our country, that are giving such alarm to civilization, could be all defeated if it were possible for the marriage relationship to be an economic possibility before it is under our present order.

Judge Ben Lindsay, one of the great social prophets of this generation, one of the greatest social prophets that America has ever produced, has written upon this subject in a way that commands the respectful attention of every discriminating mind. Although he may be somewhat revolutionary in his viewpoint, still you know and I know that that is definitely the truth of the situation.

When I look about modern life today I realize the situation and here is where some of you girls can help, and help so mightily. You know most any old fool that has made a lot of money can get married. I have known several in my time that had made a lot of money and got married; they will always find someone that will marry them. Truly there is no fool like an old fool. That may sound like a bromide and platitude, but it is true. Most any old fool can get married if he has money. That is where this whole ideal of Motherhood comes in. If some of you girls really wanted to do the heroic thing, why don't you marry that fine young chap, even though you can't have a taxicab or auto every time you want to go a block; even though you can't pay six dollars a seat for the theater; even though you can't wear silks and satins and laces; even if you can't make an "impression"—oh, that is the worst of all. You know it is true, and I know it is true. That is the sore spot. "What will they say?" That is the dictator. "What will they think?" That is the arbiter.

There is nothing more beautiful in the world than what happened in my study this week when a fine family came from Wheaton to be married. The young man works in a filling station, and there was a fine quality about them that was real; there was not any of this superficial puff business; it was genuine. They were real, and he looked at me and said "Well, you know, Dr. Bradley, we are married now and we have talked it all over and she said she is going to help and the first thing we are going to do is to buy a little home." You need not worry when there are folks like that in the world.

Why is Russia going through to victory in this great emergency of civilization? Why? Because she has broken up the landed estates of Russia and the peasants of Russia are going to own their own homes. There will not be permanent revolution in any country where the people can own their homes; there is no permanent revolution where the economic conditions are such that people can have a home—a Home. And there is not a career in the world for a woman, none—and the beautiful part of it is, and it frequently happens, that a wom-

an does not have to choose between a career and motherhood; she can have both. But I say to you truthfully and from my observation, there is no career in the world—none—that means more to the future of this world, that is more honorable than Motherhood, and for a young woman to look forward to the sacredness of marriage and then from under her heart to give to the world another life.

Truly, after all is said and done, after we have said it all, the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.

I am suspicious of any civilization that develops an economic standard whereby anything interferes with the home.

What kind of a home have you? What has happened to your home? How have you permitted the economic demands and the awful situation that expects so much in modern society to ruin the greatest thing in your life, a home?

How seriously are you taking your marriage vow to retain the purity of a home?

A year ago, I have not the statistics of this year, but a year ago, seventy-seven thousand marriages were performed in Cook County, and one out of every seven was in the divorce court of this county the next year.

Don't come to me and tell me that you are going to save civilization by your materialistic achievements. Don't think that we have so much money, so many high buildings, wonderfully paved roads, beautiful bridges, a great city,—that we are going to save civilization! Don't tell me you are going to save civilization if you let the home go to pieces. Home, the finest thing in the world, a home. There is not any joy in all this wide, wide world like a Mother being able to say "There goes my son. That's my boy! See that big tall fellow there ahead of the crowd, marching so tall and stately and proud, that's my boy! Do you see that fellow there with responsibility? That's my boy!"

What joy is there in the world like the joy of bringing to a Mother's heart the fact that she can be proud of you?

What have you done this year to make that little Mother proud?

The surest way of honoring my Mother, who is sleeping today in our little village cemetery over there in Michigan, is to carry on, isn't it?

What have you done for your Mother?

Have there been any tears and heart-aches because of you this year?

You cannot let this day go, my friends, without straightening up with Mother.

Young man, if my Mother lived one thousand miles away from me on this day without my having done something to make it nice for her on this Mother's Day I would spend my last dollar this afternoon on the long distance telephone to talk to my Mother and tell her that I love her.

Don't you let this day pass without honoring your Mother.

That is Mother's Love.

And I close my eyes and I see a street in Paris. It is night. Sleet is forming. Sleet. A man comes staggering through the rain and sleet, and his collar is all up about him and his old hat is pulled down upon his head, and he walks along the street, and a few dors ahead of him a door opens. There stands a man, and there run to greet him little children. And then in the light of the room this stranger sees another hand to him a little child, and with the children clinging about him and with his arms bringing to his lips a little babe, the door closes, and it is night again and rain and sleet. But this man staggers on in the cold. He goes up some creaky stairs. He is living in a little old house in a room in the back. He saunters in, and throws his head upon the bed. He shakes the rain from his gar-

ment. He sits down at that old table, and he takes a pen and he writes,—

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!"

And John Howard Payne gave to the world that immortal poem.

Won't you today, if you have failed and faltered, start all over again, and make a home, and thereby honor Mother best of all.

THE RADIO MAIL BAG

Our Mail-Bag brings other nice things besides letters from our Radio family now and then. We have received among other things eggs, honey, sausage, canned cherries, books, pipes, tobacco, popcorn and chickens. And now in this spring month from Sodus, Michigan, a large box of the most beautiful tulips! What a joy it must be to work among such gorgeous blooms! Our friend whose kind thoughtfulness prompted her to so generously share the beauty of her garden with us evidently believes in "sending bouquets while one lives to enjoy them," and we think that's the best way too!

A garden of old fashioned flowers at our little island home up in Minnesota gives us a deal of pleasure and is a very precious spot to me. Flowers add much to my happiness.

Ever since we first broadcast the services from the Peoples Church we have received correspondence from a charming friend in Richland Center, Wis. Her letters are always delightful, I am going to pass on to you one paragraph from the last one — "We regret the Church year is drawing to a close—but the out-of-doors is beckoning us all to a joy unspeakable and a renewal of strength for the Winter's activities. In spite of the dreariness and cold our dear little feathered friends are specializing in an age-old symphony—to have us understand life is largely what we make it!" It is a pleasure to hear from some one like that. There are so many folks who hear bird songs without listening,—see flowers without knowing them —look at the sky only to see if there are storm clouds, and never take a deep breath of ozone, exhaling a sincere prayer of gratitude for all that is beautiful! I pity such people from the bottom of my heart for they are missing the best part of life!

Another member of our Radio Circle whom we value and love writes us a line quite regularly from Wilton Junction, Iowa. Her last missive was in reply to the suggestion from the pulpit that the Radio friends send one dollar apiece to help lift the church debt. (We would blush to tell you how few responded to this appeal!) But here from Wilton Junction came a five dollar bill for the one dollar per capita call, —five names were signed to the letter, we know of only three in the family—Mr. and Mrs. and the Mother, who then could the others be? Sure enough there were two more names to the list— "Paddy, the Pup"—and "Wilkins Micawber, the Cat." This Iowa family are rare and loyal friends indeed! They have sent beautiful donations to our two bazaars, pledged to the building fund, make a regular monthly contribution, and do countless other nice things. When we go up to our island home (where we have a large open fireplace) to get a lit-

tle rest before we start away on our trip to Europe, we will enjoy popping some of the best corn ever popped and it was grown on this Iowa farm. We had some last year and now they have sent a fresh supply. Friends like this renew our faith in people when it drops below par sometimes!

From Hubbard Woods, Ill., we received a very kind letter of appreciation with an enclosure (backing up the words of appreciation!) and the writer made a suggestion. He said he had listened in every Sunday for a long time and felt he had been a "piker" long enough, hence the enclosed check. "For six months I've intended sending you a check," he continued "and finally a month ago made out the one I enclose, but didn't have time to write a letter to go with it. Shows how difficult it is for radio listeners to mail their concrete and practical evidence of appreciation. How would it be if you would announce that a letter is not necessary if inconvenient; just write your address under your name on the check and mail it. Tell them every contribution will be acknowledged and equally appreciated—I think many contributions are not sent because of hesitancy in writing a letter." Now that is not a bad suggestion, —most of us find it only too easy to procrastinate about writing letters. Perhaps we may offer this suggestion to our Radio friends next season. Of course we want everyone of our Radio family and friends to write letters when they can for we love to get them, but —if—inconvenient at the time of sending a contribution—why—just send the check or money with your name and address, and it will be acknowledged.

In Oak Park there lives a family in a cozy little home thoughtfully placed at the extreme back of a deep yard which stretches between the door step and the street, affording them a sense of being removed from the public clatter, and giving them abundant beauty in their garden. From this home we have received kind and beautiful letters these three years, the writer of them early in our correspondence told us of her lovely rock garden and sent me pictures of it, these I have kept in a book that is often in my hands, so I quite frequently glance at this charming garden spot. She closes her last letter with this paragraph of appreciation:— "Thanks for all the help you have given us and the thinking you have made us do this year; it's all been too wonderful and inspiring to us, and we know not how to properly express what we feel of appreciation and gratitude. We are dreading to have the last Sunday come and yet we know it must, for you must be getting very tired and weary even in well-doing! How glad we are that you are going away to rest and enjoy a trip abroad. You deserve the best this world has to give—(as well as the next). Be sure you will be held in loving thoughts of this family all through the summer." Letters like that make a little warm glow in our hearts you may be sure. Yes, Dr. Bradley is tired—more so than I have ever known him to be. And he richly deserves his vacation, I only hope he can get the needed rest and return in the fall with renewed strength and inspiration to take up his work again.

G. T. B.

MY ROAD

Oh—you can take the high road,
I will take the low—
Even though you reach the stars,
I can watch them glow.

Even though you reach the stars,
And see the face of God,
I can see Him in the rain,
And feel Him in the sod.

Feel Him in the sod and dirt,
Underneath my feet,
Though you take the high road,
You and I—will meet!

Frances Norton Jackson.

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REGULAR EVENTS

School of Religious Education—Sundays, 9:30 a. m., Channing Hall.

Woman's Club—Every Monday,

Men's Forum—Second Monday evenings, Channing Hall.

The Temple Club—Second and fourth Tuesday evenings in Channing Hall.

Church Trustees Meeting—Second Monday evenings.

CHURCH NEWS

Mr. Rollin B. Organ who has been confined to the hospital for five weeks following an automobile accident, has returned to his home, 4129 Drexel Boulevard. Mr. Organ has greatly appreciated the kindness shown him by his friends in the Peoples Church.

A small card was received this month announcing the birth of a baby girl, Allyne Adelle, on May 21, to Mr. and Mrs. Allen H. Crabb of 2154 Arthur Ave.

Mrs. Megelin has gone to Denver where she will visit a sister for several weeks.

Mrs. L. H. Friedrich, who is also going west for the summer, plans to stop over in Denver, on her way to California, and spend a few days with Mrs. Megelin. Mrs. Freidrich left Chicago the middle of June.

Memorial Day was celebrated in our Church by having as our guests members of the following organizations: Wm. E. Strong Post, G. A. R., Woman's Relief Corps, Columbia Post No. 706 G. A. R., Geo. H. Thomas Post No. 5 G. A. R., Lake View Post American Legion. Dr. Bradley invited a representative from each organization to say a few words. Capt. Cummings read Lincoln's Gettysburg speech as he has every Memorial Day in The Peoples Church for many years. The pulpit was a mass of flowers and palms rivaling in beauty the floral decorations of Mother's Day. It was a service which will long be remembered.

Dr .Bradley's engagements for April were as follows:

April 3, Sermon, Peoples Church.
April 10, Sermon, Peoples Church.
April 11, Address, Davenport, Iowa Rotary Club. (M.)
April 11, Sermon, Davenport Lenten Services.
April 12, Sermon, Davenport Lenten Services.
April 13, Sermon, Davenport Lenten Services.
April 14, Address, P. T. A., Grand Rapids, Mich.
April 15, Address, Forum Y. M. C. A. Chicago.
April 15, Sermon, Peoples Church.
April 17, Sermon, Peoples Church (A. M.)
April 17, Service, Ill. Commandery (P. M.)
April 17, Sermon, Peoples Church (Evening).
April 18, Address, Woman's Club.
April 19, Address, Unitarian Church, Buffalo.
April 21. Address, G. F. Nixon Organization.
April 24, Sermon Peoples Church (A. M.)
April 24, Sermon, Pacific Congregational Church (Eve).
April 25, Address, Woman's Club.
April 26, Address, Woman's Club.
April 27, Address, State P. T. A., Flint, Michigan.
April 28, Address, Community Lodge, A. F. & A. M.
April 29, Address, Trinity Church, Aurora, Ill.

Weddings

April 16—George W. Littlejohn and Jessica L. Smith.

April 17—Dr. Grady C. Miller and Louise Marquette.

April 21—William Mistele and Ethel Phillips.

April 30—Herman H. Buckman, Indianapolis and Amelia Mae Chapman.

April 30—John A. McGrath and Margaret Low Paden.

Funerals

April 5—Paul Richards Fischer. Interment, Rosehill.

April 20—John E. Ericson. Interment, Rosehill.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB

The members of the Woman's Club have maintained their interest and kept up their attendance up to the very last meeting which by-the-way was one of the most enjoyable of all. It would however be difficult, in looking back over the season to choose which program and which meeting was the best, they have all been excellent!

The two last card parties, one on May 16 and June 6, the latter sponsored by Mrs. Huckins' group, were more largely attended than most of the parties during the winter months.

May 23 the Club held their last meeting. The subject of the morning was "Censorship of the Movies," and Mrs. A. G. Tyler, Chairman of Motion Pictures in the General Federation, gave a most enlightening and interesting address. Luncheon was served at noon, the tables prettily decorated with spring flowers. At the close of the luncheon while the members remained at the tables, Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Bradley stepped to the platform. Mrs. Reynolds calling for order announced that Mrs. Bradley would make a few remarks befitting the close of our season. Mrs. Bradley spoke of the splendid work accomplished during the year and expressed deep appreciation on the part of Dr. Bradley and herself for the help, encouragement and loyalty of the Woman's Club. After reading a poem entitled "Summer Time," Mrs. Bradley spoke of the vacation days lying ahead and of the parting for the summer; her remarks then became more personal and pointed toward two sisters who have been faithful and indefatigable workers for some years past; one of them was about to leave for Denver with the possibility of remaining there indefinitely. After saying many nice and fitting things of these sisters Mrs. Bradley presented Mrs. Megelin with a leather hat-box and Mrs. Thomas with a suitcase in behalf of the Club as a token of appreciation and esteem. After an interesting but brief report from the chairman and committees of the Philanthropic Dept. the afternoon was spent socially before good-byes were said for the season.

There will be no regular meetings during the summer months, although the Directors plan to have possibly a "get-together" once a month in Channing Hall, notices to be sent for such occasions.

G. T. B.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB

A "White Elephant Sale" is announced by the Young People's Club for June 7, with dancing and refreshments to round out the evening. They are also hinting at a party to be given by them for Dr. and Mrs. Bradley June 12, their last Sunday before their departure for the summer. It's a surprise so—more of that anon!

Every Sunday afternoon members of the Club meet in the Wilson Ave "L" Station at 2:30 o'clock and go for a "hike." When the weather grows warmer they will plan beach parties and other pleasant gatherings suitable for the summer.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Channing Hall was filled to capacity on May 25. It was the occasion of the Uptown Players presentation of three one act plays. The entire production showed skillful handling and proof of much hard work. Each play was given with an artistic touch not always evident in small theatre groups. Much credit must be given to Miss Madeline Armistead who directed the production, and then—it could not have been done if the players themselves had not the right spirit also. We look forward to some very splendid things from the hands of our Uptown Players next season!

Following is the cast of the three plays: In "The Fifth Commandment" by Stanley Houghton, Mrs. M. J. Riley, Bernice Williams, Robert Summerville and Edward Zabriskie. Florence Mellum, Herbert Bluhm and Helen Williams filled the cast in "Suppressed Desires" by Susan Glaspell and George Cramm Cook. And in Kenneth Sawyer Goodman's play "Dust of the Road" Dorothy Hoefer, Herbert Elfstrom, Matthew Riley and Franklin Jarvis were the cast.

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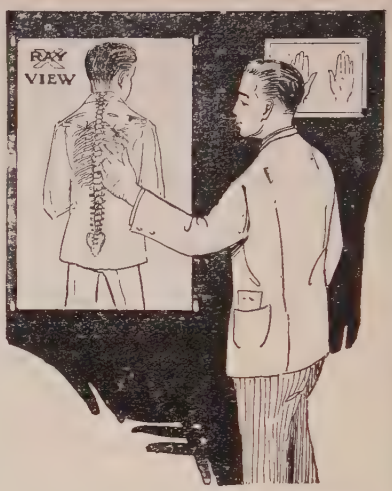

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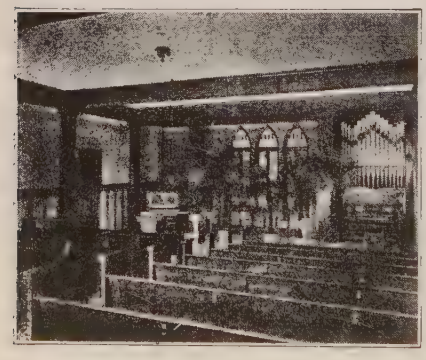

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(In connection with Skooglund's Cafeteria)
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THE CEMETERY BEAUTIFUL

Planted amidst nature's own beauty, man has created a beautiful park cemetery. The sunken gardens, the winding paths, and the imposing chapel makes this spot a vision of beauty. It is indeed a fitting final resting place for our beloved ones.

MEMORIAL PARK CEMETERY AND ANNEX

Gross Point Road and Harrison St.

½ Mile West of Evanston

We want you to visit this cemetery. You will find it interesting and attractive. You should reserve for yourself a family lot—all lots in Memorial Park are sold with full perpetual care guaranteed. Suitable easy payments—no interest. Don't miss this opportunity.

YOU ARE INVITED

to call or write to the main office, 703 Marquette Bldg., and make appointments to have one of our representatives call for you in an automobile to take you to and from the cemetery. No obligation. Investigate NOW!

CENTRAL CEMETERY CO.

703 Marquette Bldg. Dept. 0000 Chicago

Our perpetual care funds are on deposit with the Trust Department of the Central Trust of Illinois.

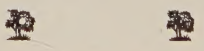
HEALTH YOUR GREATEST ASSET IN LIFE

Health is a force loaned to you by Nature. You must learn to use and direct this force according to natural law or else you will lose it. Correct eating should be your greatest concern. Natural Food makes the kind of blood that will resist disease, build a strong, healthy body and a clear brain and with these possessions we can make possible a sane, happy and successful life.

Let us aid you in your fight for lasting health. We sell Health Foods and Books that teach the art and science of correct eating and living by the foremost pioneers and teachers. Our Foods are the choicest products brought from every part of the world and worthy of the Name Health Foods, original, unadulterated and undenatured. You must see and try them to know. We have a surprise for you regardless of what you have seen in health food because ours are new and different.

We also sell a complete line of the famous Battle Creek Health Foods. People from every part of Chicago and nearby towns call for our foods. If you cannot call we will mail them to you to any part of the city or nation.

Write for our FREE PRICE LIST.



THE BERHALTER'S HEALTH FOOD STORE AND FACTORY

Telephone Superior 1289

1423 NORTH CLARK STREET
Chicago, Illinois

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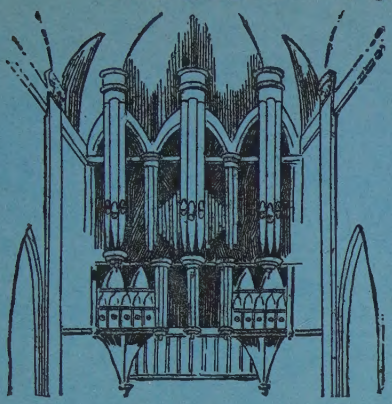

The trustworthy reputation WE have gained is through fidelity to the ideal of aiding —to the very best of our ability — EVERYONE who comes to us in times of grief. We take COMPLETE charge —advising you in all matters with a sincere regard for your feelings and carefully following ALL your instructions.

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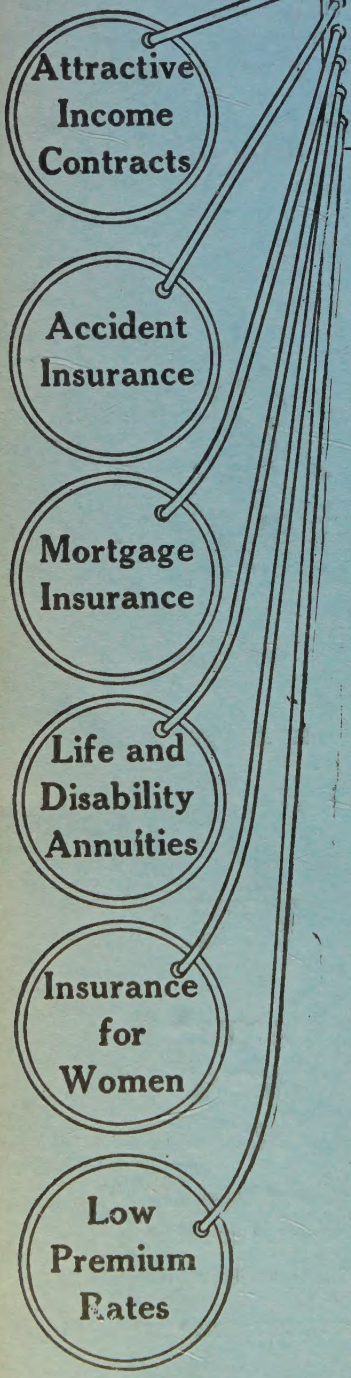
"These Things are Worth Knowing About an[d] Better to Hav[e]



The Old Line Life Insurance Company of America
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

POPULARITY PROMOTES ACTIVITY

One salesman last month procured 89 applications on one of our POPULAR forms of policies in the Accident and Health Department. In addition to this work during the month he made his usual monthly collections of $2,700; wrote during the same month other forms of Accident and Health policies and also wrote a comfortable volume of Life Insurance. This was not just a one month's spurt. The young man is a member of the Star Leaders' Club in the Life Department.

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Our Life, Accident and Health business is growing rapidly in POPULARITY and the attractive, liberal, interesting, beneficial, and safe features in connection with our contracts create successful activity among the field representatives.

LIFE, ACCIDENT AND HEALTH INSURANCE

Rupert F. Fry, President